

## REQUIEM

BENN'S ESSEX LIBRARY

Edited by EDWARD G. HAWKE, M.A. (OXON.)

Fcap. 8vo, Cloth, Gilt back, 3s. 6d. net each

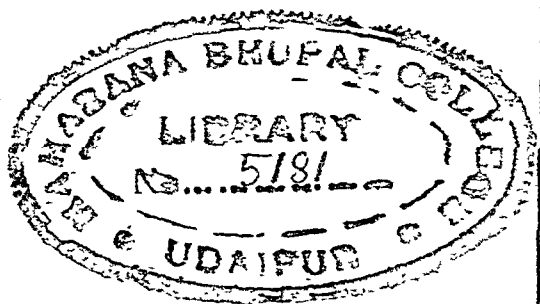
*For full list of titles see end of book*

BENN'S ESSEX LIBRARY

*Edited by Edward G. Hawke, M.A.*

HUMBERT WOLFE

REQUIEM



LONDON: ERNEST BENN LTD.

*Bowyerie House, Fleet Street.*

FOR  
MY VISITOR  
TO A ROOM  
ON NO. 10  
STAIRCASE  
AT  
WADHAM  
COLLEGE,  
AND  
BECAUSE  
OF  
EVERYTHING

<i>First published</i>	.	.	.	April 1927
<i>Second Impression</i>	.	.	.	May 1927
<i>Third Impression</i>	.	.	.	May 1927
<i>Fourth Impression</i>	.	.	.	June 1927
<i>Fifth Impression</i>	.	.	.	August 1927
<i>Sixth Impression</i>	.	.	.	December 1927
<i>Seventh Impression (Essex Library)</i>				April 1931

## DEDICATION

THIS is your poem. I shall not write its fellow  
earthsides of immortality. I sing  
not here, as once, of love and his first swallow  
that does not make, because it is, the spring.

Nor was it written as other poems were  
because of human beauty and brief grace,  
that with the bright assurance of a star  
move in the heart to their predestined place,

as smoothly as the moon, and not less argent,  
nor to the sun a hot allegiance lending,  
but kindled of themselves with man's insurgent  
claim that the seal of beauty is its ending.

It was not mine to make, but as the pool  
they called Bethesda, when the angel stirred it,  
was with some alien virtue wonderful,  
so this was written, as though I overheard it

whispered beyond the misted curtains, screening  
this world from that, so faint and yet so lit  
with flame from far, that life itself was leaning  
back, like a runner storming into it.

The moment passed; it is not given to men  
to overtake those echoes with a word.  
I am as sure they will not come again,  
as I am certain they were overheard.

But what they were I can no longer guess,  
nor know if anywhere in this a sign  
remains of that inhuman loveliness.  
I only know this poem is not mine.

A VERY few of these poems have appeared before. For permission to republish thanks are due to the *New Statesman*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Atlantic Monthly* and the Bermondsey Bookshop.

# CONTENTS

## THE LOSERS

THE COMMON MAN			PAGE
The Common Man :	I		18
The Common Man :	II		19
THE COMMON WOMAN			
The Common Woman :	I		23
The Common Woman :	II		24
THE SOLDIER			
The Soldier :	I		31
The Soldier :	II		33
THE HARLOT			
The Harlot :	I		37
The Harlot :	II		38
THE HUCKSTER			
The Huckster :	I		45
The Huckster :	II		47
THE NUN			
The Nun :	I		51
The Nun :	II		53
THE ANARCHIST			
The Anarchist :	I		60
The Anarchist :	II		61
THE RESPECTABLE WOMAN			
The Respectable Woman :	I		66
The Respectable Woman :	II		68

## THE WINNERS

THE LOVERS. HE			
The Lovers. He :	I		76
The Lovers. He :	II		79
The Lovers. He :	III		81
			ix

## THE LOVERS. SHE

The Lovers. She:	I
The Lovers. She:	II
The Lovers. She:	III

## THE BUILDER

The Builder:	I
The Builder:	II
The Builder:	III

## THE TEACHER

The Teacher:	I
The Teacher:	II

## THE SAINTS. HE

The Saint. He:	I
The Saint. He:	II

## THE SAINTS. SHE

The Saint. She:	I
The Saint. She:	II

## THE UNCOMMON MAN

The Uncommon Man:	I
The Uncommon Man:	II

## THE UNCOMMON WOMAN

The Uncommon Woman:	I
The Uncommon Woman:	II

## LOSERS AND WINNERS

## CODA

## The High Song is Over



# THE LOSERS



*THE COMMON MAN*

*I*

*II*

*THE COMMON WOMAN*

*I*

*II*

So

PROBLEMS OF THE

## THE COMMON MAN

WHAT was life to me, now that I'm done  
with it?

(Lucifer, who fell with Adam, and Azrael,  
who took his place in heaven, being lit  
with the dark flames, whose plume is black  
in Hell,

Listen and save!  
when that pale spirit calls you from his  
nameless grave.)

On a grey day, when the clouds were thin and  
long,

I was born weeping aloud, and she who bore  
me,

the innocent malefactor of my great wrong,  
could not relieve my load, nor move the  
judges for me,

those who condemn  
men to life's servitude, and none may plead  
with them.

Small wit I had, and the world went wailing by  
me,

and youth was a little lantern (Listen and  
save!

Lucifer, who fell with Adam !) and love stood  
nigh me,  
but what I had of his wonder I do not have,  
here, all alone,  
unloved, unlit with lamps, forgotten, and  
unknown.

What could I do but suffer, as all men must,  
and set my mortal heart against the heart of  
Hell,  
whose soft great beat dissolves our trembling  
dust,  
as a jar shudders with music (Azrael,  
Listen !) and still  
I matched against the will of death my  
human will.

I, as the small red insect, dying, builds the dry  
land  
out of the sea, I, merely by living, laid  
a grain of a grain on that increasing island,  
that not of the heroes, but of us is made,  
who did not dare,  
dying, even to guess that we were dying  
there.

And proud that island as an Archangel  
rises, when the roaring seas of life are lit  
with the dark flames, whose plume is black  
in Hell,  
and this was my life, and thus I wrought  
with it.

(Listen and tell !

Lucifer, who fell with Adam, and Azrael !)

## THE COMMON MAN

I

I AM the star, that stole the dawn, and died  
with my bright theft, consumed like Semele,  
yet in the flame of my burning, I denied  
the darkness of God, and men were lit with  
me.

I am Prometheus, that drew the fiery tide  
of knowledge with the moon of my agony,  
but in my chains, and the vulture tearing my  
side,

men learned that they must suffer to be free.  
Twice have I fallen from heaven, suffered  
twice

immeasurable pangs that men may rule  
in unmalicious godhead on the calm hill.  
And if the third time I must pay the price  
of the world's torment to be beautiful,  
type of man's unassuageable heart, I will.



# THE COMMON MAN

## II

W H O without darkness could imagine light,  
and, were he shadowless, how could the sun  
flaunt his gold domino by masked night,  
or anything be vivid if all were one !  
For those who see, without the need of sight,  
I, Azrael, am the darker stars that spun  
about creating God by their own flight,  
giving no radiance, and asking none.  
While the lit stars of morning sang together,  
swung out on their own orbit quietly  
my stars, for all their silence, statelier,  
and, brightest thou ! who plucked the dawn,  
my brother,  
in the moment of falling from heaven didst  
not see  
I was the dawn you stole, pale Lucifer !

## THE COMMON WOMAN

My hands are empty now at the end of it  
(Lucifer, who fell with Adam, and Azrael,  
who took his place in heaven, being lit  
with the dark flames, whose plume is black  
in Hell,

and you, pale Mary,  
see her poor hands how they are spoiled, her  
feet how weary !)

They gave me a little beauty, and a man used it  
as a screen to hide the love he dared not  
know,  
a love of God, but the love of man confused  
it,  
a love of children, and I saw them go  
helpless and young  
into the same dim agony with which my  
heart was wrung.

Little I understood, and all I learnt  
was how life passes without hope or warning,  
and to pray for night before the day was  
burnt,  
and in the night to pray would it were  
morning,

and how to seem  
a proud walker in life, when creeping in a  
dream.

What could I do but suffer, as is the fate  
of women, and as a woman take my share  
in the long litany we dedicate  
to man and to his future that we bear,  
and still pretend  
that that begins for ever, when we end?

(Mary, who, having much, had this more  
given—

to build with the pains of birth and the deep  
Hell

of Death, decreed before the stars, a heaven,  
wherein proud Lucifer and prouder Azrael  
at last are one,

because there is neither life nor death in the  
Son,

who died that death might be defeated, living  
to make an end of life, you, Ashtaroth,  
and Mary, the greater Queen, are you for-  
giving  
this common woman, who forgives you  
both,

in your high heaven,  
this common woman, who has suffered, and  
forgiven ?)

My failure was too wan to be disaster,  
too pitiful for tragedy to clothe.  
I listened all my days for love the master  
of life, and in the end was starved of both  
and yet my will  
that sought, and could not find them, is  
about them still.

I listened for their voice, and was too near them  
in youth, too far in age to hear, and yet  
because I listened other hearts will hear  
them,  
because I was forgot will not forget,  
because I falter  
the flame, I did not see, burns on the unseen  
altar.

# THE COMMON WOMAN

## I

I COULD have made love for them so they  
basked,  
as children playing in gardens, where the  
herb  
with the lazy lightning of blossom is dusked  
and lit, and there's nothing to hurt or dis-  
turb.

Or like Beatrice that Dante only asked  
to stay in his memory, cold and superb,  
as when she passed him tall and deeply masked,  
with no heart of her own to ache with, or  
curb.

But the old dark roots of the tree Ygdrasil  
would have plunged through the flimsy  
earth, and blazed with  
the wild green leafage of irremediable love,  
and the hurt they suffered had been more, not  
less ill,  
when the sleepy soil had been torn, and  
amazed with  
the floral passion I had not warned them of.

## THE COMMON WOMAN

## II

ASHTAROTH, you poor goddess, set your  
doves free!

Here are new wings and lovelier, since those  
drew  
your car all pearls, and when the laughing sea  
was green as grass in a long avenue.

But now, the deep waters murmur differently,  
since other Feet have blessed them, crying  
through

the world and all the beaches, "Victory."

Nor even the liliated wave remembers you.

And Pan, your other shape, (have you not  
heard?)

followed the Kings, piping, to the low  
manger,

but the door was shut, and, quiet as a moth,  
he stole away. Nor flock nor shepherd stirred,  
when he, once king of shepherds, now a  
stranger,

played the farewell to Pan and Ashtaroath.

THE SOLDIER

I

II

THE HARLOT

I

II





## THE SOLDIER

MICHAEL! behold night's long black pools  
are drinking  
the blood-red sun, that through her marshes  
silts,  
and, though in reddened slime my feet are  
sinking,  
I lift up the sword of my spirit. Kiss the  
hilts,  
and say to death,  
"Though you forget my soldier, God  
remembereth."

For to have fought is better than to have refused  
in a wrong cause, or for no cause at all,  
and, though the blade be shattered, it ~~was~~  
used  
in the command of that grey general,  
whose one reward  
to soldiers, having used them, is to break  
their sword.

(Lucifer, who fell with Adam, and ~~descended~~  
through cycle after flaming ~~spirits~~  
lead your doomed armies, ~~from the red~~  
sword

to share that doom, and you, remember,  
 Michael,  
     you cannot shame us  
 who, failing, cry "te morituri salutamus."

Gladiators, knowing that our agony at most  
 is an interlude in some strange festival,  
 where the cold spectators watch the chosen  
     ghost  
 strive, fall, and die, and then forget it all;  
     and yet we come  
 shining to the arena, nor beg the lifted  
     thumb.)

What is as foul as war, that changes even  
 courage—the soldier's redemption—into lust,  
 and smears the very patterns laid up in  
     heaven  
 with the crawling inattention of the dust,—  
     foul, foul, foul, foul  
 great spaces where the winds of futility howl,

in darkness, in the decay of all things holy,  
 in the broken light of a black star, and still  
 the blind rose of the spirit, oh how slowly !

from age to age sweetens in the secret will,  
as clear of Dis  
as over the trenches a storm-cock's litanies.  
Listen !

### A THRUSH IN THE TRENCHES

Suddenly he sang across the trenches,  
vivid in the fleeting hush  
as a star-shell through the smashed black  
branches,  
a more than English thrush.

Suddenly he sang, and those who listened  
nor moved nor wondered, but  
heard, all bewitched, the sweet unhastened  
crystal Magnificat.

One crouched, a muddied rifle clasping,  
and one a filled grenade,  
but little cared they, while he went lisping  
the one clear tune he had.

Paused horror, hate and Hell a moment,  
(you could almost hear the sigh)  
and still he sang to them, and so went  
(suddenly) singing by.

PROBLEMS OF THE

Suddenly singing—and thus, out of hate and  
horror,

the greater impulse than those that it can  
move by

shakes itself free, and death becomes a mirror,  
held up by angels, for man to see God's  
love by,

and this we were,

and, thus we challenge you, Michael, says  
the soldier.

# THE SOLDIER

## I

DOWN some cold field in a world unspoken  
the young men are walking together, slim  
and tall,  
and though they laugh to one another, silence  
is not broken :  
there is no sound however clear they call.

They are speaking together of what they loved  
in vain here,  
but the air is too thin to carry the thing they  
say.

They were young and golden, but they came on  
pain here,  
and their youth is age now, their gold is grey.

Yet their hearts are not changed, and they cry  
to one another,

“ What have they done with the lives we  
laid aside ?

Are they young with our youth, gold with our  
gold, my brother ?

Do they smile in the face of death, because  
we died ? ”

PROBLEMS OF THE

Down some cold field in a world uncharted  
the young seek each other with questioning  
eyes.

They question each other, the young, the  
golden-hearted,  
of the world that they were robbed of in  
their quiet Paradise.

# THE SOLDIER

## II

I do not ask God's purpose. He gave me the sword,  
and though merely to wield it is itself the lie  
against the light, at the bidding of my Lord,  
where all the rest bear witness, I'll deny.  
And I remember Peter's high reward,  
and say of soldiers, when I hear cocks cry,  
"As your dear lives ('twas all you might afford)  
you laid aside, I lay my sainthood by."  
There are in heaven other archangels,  
bright friends of God, who build where  
Michael destroys,  
in music, or in beauty, lute-players.  
I wield the sword; and, though I ask naught  
else  
of God, I pray to Him: "But these were  
boys,  
and died. Be gentle, God, to soldiers."

THE HARLOT

(LUCIFER, who fell with Adam and Azrael,  
and Mary, who, having much, had this more  
given—  
to build with the pains of birth and the deep  
Hell  
of Death, decreed before the stars, a heaven  
are you forgiven,  
dare you forgive this woman, in that high  
heaven?)

I did not understand. As in a mist  
dull shapes loomed, threatened, towered  
over me,  
and passed, while still about me, twist by  
twist,  
the loose wraiths rolled, too thin to cover  
me,  
but cold enough  
to strangle all that youth and hope and love  
are fashioned of.

I did not understand. For my love came to me  
as to the rest, and light and heat and scent  
with him,



and in the dusk life spoke his golden name  
to me,  
and whispered "Follow," and I turned and  
went with him,  
and never knew  
what it was that I did, that others did not do.

I did not understand. (You, Magdalene,  
rather this head anoint with spikenard  
than His, that all the oil of the world could  
not wean  
from that which lay before Him, and though  
'twere hard  
to leave Him, think  
she also has a bitter cup—your cup—to  
drink.)

I did not understand. I dreamed that I  
dreamed  
of kisses that did not kiss, of hands not hands  
but fishes at my throat, and that the world  
seemed  
like tainted water about deserted lands  
to the dead hum  
of heavy-spotted insects, swaying its slow  
scum.

I did not understand. Under wan trees  
 at night on muted feet dark figures came  
 —stale painted lusts, like naked savages—  
 that worshipped a pale idol in my name,  
                     and the dead sea  
 stole, as they danced, across the beaches  
 quietly.

I did not understand. For with the dawn  
 the beach was empty, and slowly with the  
             tidal  
 drag of the deep the lagging waters were  
             drawn  
 into cleanness, and only a broken idol  
                     lay, still and small,  
 watching the unintelligible end of all.

I did not understand. I once was clean,  
 unstained and young, played in a world  
             unbarred,  
 and thus was trapped with death. (You,  
             Magdalene,  
 rather this head anoint with spikenard,  
                     and with your hand  
 make smooth the puzzled brow that did not  
             understand.)

# THE HARLOT

## I

STRIPED with fierce wales of sunlight the  
brown idol

gapes nonchalantly through disfeatured eyes,  
while round his trunk bursts in green foam the  
tidal

wave of hot creeping plant-obscenities.

He is as blank as those who worship, dumb  
as their dark minds, and does not care, nor  
know,

when the black chuckle, rubbed across the  
drum,

drifts down as palpable as evil snow.

He is the image of their emptiness,  
the carved metaphor of minds untaught,  
guessing, as we as pitifully guess  
at God, and bringing Him, like us, to naught.

And, while the victim flounders at his knees,  
the nameless god, to whom is sacrificed  
the tortured blindness of the savage, sees  
beyond this tumult the slow tears of Christ.

THE HARLOT

II

A L L the world over in every town and city  
there is a furtive shuffle of tired feet,  
and the invisible hounds that know not pity  
pad after them in alley-way and street.  
All men are whippers-in of that foul pack,  
and follow them to life's supreme disaster  
as certainly as if you heard them crack  
the huntsman's whip, or halloa like the  
Master.  
Their sin is all our sin, ours is their shame,  
and while a single woman earns her bread  
by blasphemy committed in love's name  
not only she, but all our world, is dead.  
Then God call off the hounds, and bid the  
whore,  
and all who made her, go and sin no more !

THE HUCKSTER

I

II

THE NUN

I

II

PROBLEMS OF THE

## THE HUCKSTER

THE winds toss up. Prowling beyond the  
bar  
smooth-muscled leopards with the foam's  
white roses  
stippled, the waves are hunting, and no star  
lights the wild jungle, whose green anger  
closes  
behind and round  
the ship, that into darkness crashes with one  
bound.

We trade for profit, and if fools pretend  
we waste our lives for gold, what was the  
quest  
that launched the Argo? For what other  
end  
were ever sails set, wearing to the West?  
What other thirst  
than this drew all adventurers from the first?

Say it be true that, when the journey's done,  
we are old men with nothing but our scars  
to show for all the dangers we have run,

still we have seen the menace of the stars,  
have proved our faith  
with the last testimony of encountered death.

Or if we win great riches, and our touch  
holds before beauty's face the golden mask  
as in the ancient tragedies, this much  
at least of fortune we have dared to ask,  
and have her boon,  
that, if we lived too long, we cannot die too  
soon.

And if adventure hardens down to theft,  
if the sly huckster creep along the blood  
closing upon the heart, and naught is left  
but pirate-galleys rotting in the mud,  
and for all these pains  
the tattered scarecrows of youth, that dangle  
on the chains,

If, masters of the world, we nothing knew,  
made naught but misery, left naught behind,  
deaf when compassion spoke her shining  
cue,



and when love touched our eyelids we were  
blind,

if life that cried, as  
a bird, was slowly choked with the gold  
grain of Midas,

Are we to blame? or life the sorceress,  
who with a single potion can pervert  
the desire for action into beastliness,  
the golden shadow into common dirt,  
and blurs the fine  
boundary, that separates the angel from the  
swine?

(Who of the huckster is the archangel?  
Will none plead for him? None advance  
his case?  
Who not with Lucifer from heaven fell,  
nor in the dark of Azrael keeps his place,  
but who would sell  
the angel of light to heaven, of dark to Hell.

Is there no archangel? No spirit lief  
to lean from heaven and lay his hands on  
them?

None? but bright choir was there not a  
thief  
who had his hour in Jerusalem—  
the thief who won  
[will you give less] upon the Cross his  
absolution?)

Are we to blame if in Calypso's isle  
our very virtues are to magic bent?  
or if the first long visions that beguile  
the heart of youth become our punishment?  
We are the same  
though thus transformed by devils. Are we  
to blame?

# THE HUCKSTER

## I

“TAKE back my thirty pieces  
of silver,” the merchant said.

“Now that my wealth increases,  
I would have quiet instead.

“The pieces that you paid me  
I put at interest,  
even as my master bade me,  
but quiet is best.

“Another might have spent it  
on pleasure, wine or maid.  
I only used or lent it  
all in the way of trade.

“But now, that I fail and tire,  
I see my duty plain;  
I have but one desire,  
to give it back again.

“You tell me it was bartered  
for a soul, and you decline?  
But if a soul was martyred,  
high priest, the soul was mine.

“ My soul it was I offered,  
    my heart it was I paid,  
and I it was who suffered,  
    myself who was betrayed.

“ You are the priests. The stuff is  
    there in the temple ! So,  
since comfort is your office,  
    take it, and let me go.

“ Take it—for if I erred then,  
    have you not also erred ?  
and if I spoke a word then,  
    who bade me speak the word ?

“ You are the priests. Forgive me !  
    I know not what I do.  
Nay, tell your men to leave me !  
    and listen ! this is true—

“ Last night I saw a felon  
    hanging, his face all black  
with birds, and one great talon—  
    For God’s sake take it back ! ”

# THE HUCKSTER

## II

T H E R E were thirteen that ate together, drinking  
strange wine, and biting on a perilous bread.  
And one was speaking, and the rest were  
thinking  
more of his eyes than of the things he said.  
They were dark eyes, and in their deep was  
swaying  
a mote of gold, that lit upon the word  
subtly, as though the light in them were saying  
what, though unspoken, all, who listened,  
heard.  
Most willingly. they were caught in the gold  
strand  
that bound their hearts only to set them free,  
save one, who heard, but would not understand,  
afraid of blindness, if he dared to see.  
But even so there was a ray of light  
went out with him into the fatal night.

THE NUN

THERE is a pool in the convent garden.

Still is  
the amber basin, where no fishes leap,  
but slowly cruise between the water-lilies  
in sleepy gold, as those in silver sleep—  
sleep on and on,  
their sleep itself a quiet breathing orison.

In spring, like four tall monks, the cypresses  
fold their dark green about their cloistral  
boughs,  
while the young birches, those most human  
trees,  
so sheltered, take their first and silver vows,  
and flowers swing  
their coloured censers in fragrance softly  
opening.

There is small noise of wind behind these walls,  
nor any human echo save bells sobbing,  
whose normal cadence actually falls  
upon the pool, and sets the water throbbing  
with the far sense  
of some angelic trouble, some healing  
difference.

Pool of my heart ! Not always was thy cup  
guarded from the wind as now, as now un-  
stirred,  
nor did the water-flowers drifting up  
spread their green plumage like a floating  
bird,  
nor naught disturb  
with any flash of fin the lilies' trailing herb.

But passion deeply moving, loss and terror,  
anger and sorrow, turpitude and blame,  
changed all, and what was made to be a  
mirror  
for unassuming loveliness became  
of shapes, that pass  
in dark, a broken and tumultuous looking-  
glass.

Thus tarnishing with rust the silent mere  
beyond the world, whose stainless waters  
draw  
from the small pools the saints establish here  
in passionless obedience to the law,  
that says " Refuse !  
What we denied remains, but what we had  
we lose."

(Dear Saint Teresa ! who laid the world aside  
before the world had spoken, will you bless  
after such pain this all-but-virgin bride  
of Christ, who will not be His lover less  
because she shared  
the enchanting agony of love, that you were  
spared ?

Will you not take her softly by the hand,  
nor tell her that she sacrificed in vain  
for music, that she did not understand,  
the lovely human counterpoint of pain,  
whose echoes faint  
are grace-notes in the full acceptance of the  
saint ?)

It is very quiet in the garden. Slowly  
the oleanders let their roses fold.  
The shadows reach my feet, and all the holy  
precincts of evening are suddenly cold.  
Sweet Christ ! a nun  
lies down to sleep, and for the last time rejects  
the sun.



# THE NUN

## I

IN the garden of my Father  
there is a lilac-tree,  
and the fowls of heaven gather  
from all the world for me,

the quail He sent to Moses,  
Elijah's ravens, and,  
all white between the roses,  
in worship's Holy Land,

when the lilac-tree is bending  
beneath the weight of love,  
I have heard wings descending,  
but dared not see the Dove.

I will walk alone in the Garden  
in which my soul has cried,  
"God! if you cannot pardon  
the world I laid aside,

and if by having strayed there,  
and loved it, while I strayed,  
My Master was betrayed there,  
I also was betrayed."

# THE NUN

## II

O U T S I D E the corn is unto harvest yellow,  
outside the first blue clusters change the vine,  
but in this reticence my heart lies fallow,  
waiting for other bread, and holier wine.  
My soil is barren, but with fasting and sorrow  
enriched I will prepare it for the plough,  
knowing the shares can only drive the furrow  
deeply and straight if I am patient now.  
I will refuse to share life's easy rain  
that falls alike on evil and on good.  
I will deny the sun's diurnal stain  
on truth's immaculate beatitude.  
And I shall know that love and all delight  
are silver tares the moon has sown by night.

PROBLEMS OF THE

THE ANARCHIST

I

II

THE RESPECTABLE WOMAN

I

II

PROBLEMS OF THE

# THE ANARCHIST

SALUTE to Nature, the first anarchist,  
whose bombs of green explode the fertile  
spring,  
and hurl the heats of summer with a twist  
like poison-gas that, slowly filtering,  
on shred and splinter  
of the bombarded lines of autumn clamps the  
winter.

She has no law, but wastes the myriad spawn  
to hatch a single fish, in grim bravado  
builds trees whose emerald lace by time is  
drawn  
into secular beauty, and with one tornado  
crashes and sears  
the intolerable patience of the designing years.

She has one impulse only—to create  
in order to destroy in wilfulness,  
and if she has a secret, it is hate  
of all the cringing armaments of "yes"  
that scatter and blow  
at the careless onset of her eternal "no."

That is the freedom I demand for man—  
 no king, no law, no guide, no love, no God,  
 life with no purpose, death that has no plan,  
 contempt the axe, and nescience the rod  
     with which we crack  
 out of life's black oppression into further  
 black.

We shall not be deceived if we forestall  
 the laughter of the uncreated rabble,  
 who mock us with the phantom of the Fall,  
 the ghost of resurrection, and the bright  
     babble  
     of man restored  
 by his own guess at some fear-generated  
 Lord.

(You to whom men in Athens sacrificed—  
 the Unknown God, because unknowable,  
 —an older Mithras and a darker Christ—  
 release these disenchanted from the spell,  
     who cannot be  
 comforted by all imagination's wizardry.

Give them enchantment. Let them know  
again

the puzzled happiness of blindness humbled,  
and let them cry like your Athenians, when  
Paul broke the altar, and the statue tumbled,

“ Though thus deceived,  
blessed are we who did not know, yet have  
not disbelieved.”)

We will be ourselves, and when the devil in us  
cries loudly “ I am God,” we shall reply,

“ There is no God, save your own voice  
within us,

the tired echo of death that, drifting by,

pauses to write  
with ultimate indifference, ‘ Let there be  
night.’ ”



That is the freedom I demand for man—  
 no king, no law, no guide, no love, no God,  
 life with no purpose, death that has no plan,  
 contempt the axe, and nescience the rod  
     with which we crack  
 out of life's black oppression into further  
 black.

We shall not be deceived if we forestall  
 the laughter of the uncreated rabble,  
 who mock us with the phantom of the Fall,  
 the ghost of resurrection, and the bright  
     babble  
     of man restored  
 by his own guess at some fear-generated  
 Lord.

(You to whom men in Athens sacrificed—  
 the Unknown God, because unknowable,  
 —an older Mithras and a darker Christ—  
 release these disenchanted from the spell,  
     who cannot be  
 comforted by all imagination's wizardry.

Give them enchantment. Let them know  
again

the puzzled happiness of blindness humbled,  
and let them cry like your Athenians, when  
Paul broke the altar, and the statue tumbled,

“ Though thus deceived,  
blessed are we who did not know, yet have  
not disbelieved.”)

We will be ourselves, and when the devil in us  
cries loudly “ I am God,” we shall reply,

“ There is no God, save your own voice  
within us,

the tired echo of death that, drifting by,

pauses to write

with ultimate indifference, ‘ Let there be  
night.’ ”

THE ANARCHIST

I

Y E s, poppies, I understand your red.

You are protesting against death and dullness.

You are shouting (and they hear not), "Dèad, dead, dead,"

in a huge unsensitive stillness.

The black earth and the dull black people  
are no more than meaningless substantives,  
a worn lesson-book for a blind cripple,  
but your colour is clear print and it lives.

Red caps of liberty among slaves,  
wild daughters of the revolution,  
your flag of crimson suddenly waves  
over the Bastille of nation after nation.

You are crying aloud to us, "Anguish and freedom,"  
and there are not ten just men found to heed you.

You are fire from heaven falling on Sodom !  
Burn all the cities of the world, poppies !  
They need you.

# THE ANARCHIST

## II

BUT I will not be cheated of freedom. ' No !  
I will walk along the black and barren street,  
and see the small distorted people go,  
and hear how thin a city's heart can beat.  
I will justify destruction by the pains  
all men are born to suffer. I will prove  
that of all life's intolerable chains  
the last that man must shatter will be love.  
I will plumb the deepest Hell that man has  
known,  
and find in agony the perfect hater,  
who proudly claims damnation for his own,  
and uses it to damn his dark Creator,  
and watch creation choking in the mist  
of God, the universal anarchist.

# THE RESPECTABLE WOMAN

It should have been easy to die moderately,  
 having lived without excess. To escape the  
 extreme  
 experience of Death's command to see,  
 beyond these modified tones, the single  
 beam  
     whose flagrant knife  
 slashes into aching fragments the pattern of  
 life.

What was my pattern? If I worked in wool  
 the crimson silks of vision, love's gold lace,  
 subduing what was strange and beautiful  
 to the grey shadow of my stooping face,  
     yet none the less  
 that was the steady shadow cast by godli-  
 ness.

Is there no virtue in bearing down the threat  
 of the jungle moving faintly in the blood,  
 and the smooth velvet footsteps, and the wet  
 muzzles of creatures, stirring in the mud,  
     and the hot breath  
 that men called freedom to live, and I called  
 death?

There were high names, but I was not deceived.  
I saw the beast beneath the shifting cloak.  
Was I not blessed, who saw and disbelieved,  
who, when all else went singing, never  
spoke,  
but shut my eyes  
against the baits of knowledge and freedom's  
glittering lies ?

Women there were who sinned, and these I  
turned from,  
and men who claimed to set creation free  
by changing all the laws that men have  
learned from  
God and their own unchanging history,  
women and men  
who were the devil, leading back his own  
again.

They came with music, and with roses, trailing  
their beautiful damnation, and the victim  
that listened woke to find the rapture failing  
in the flushed instant, when its beauty tricked  
him,  
but I, who saw  
the cloven hoof of loveliness, upheld the law.

I stood for unflinching ignorance, and man's  
 duty  
 to do in darkness God's 'obscure command,  
 and thrusting by intelligible beauty  
 I followed what I could not understand,  
 because I knew  
 that that alone which passes understanding  
 must be true.

(Martha ! who found in service the better part,  
 these are your sisters. These, like you, pre-  
 ferred  
 hearing the little whisper of the heart,  
 some colder admonition that they heard,  
 and sacrificed  
 for that bleak satisfaction, even Christ.

And, therefore, Martha, since they too were  
 jealous  
 of love rewarded by the Source of love,  
 is there no word He spoke that you can tell  
 us,  
 or even an unrecorded smile to prove  
 they shall not starve  
 in heaven, on earth who only stand and  
 serve ?)

But death comes suddenly with a great wind,  
stripping the spirit naked to the light,  
and I must suffer not less than those who  
sinned  
the exposure that I gave my life to fight,  
and yet I know  
I did not err, though God Himself should tell  
me so.



THE RESPECTABLE WOMAN

I

THEY are singing, but I have not listened  
in the open spaces in spring.  
Their white feet in the dances have hastened,  
but mine are not hastening.

They have loosed their hair that is goldier  
than laburnum's gold in May,  
and the birch in the rain is their shoulder—  
but I have looked away.

They have bound their breasts with rushes,  
they have dived in the forest lake,  
but the foot of the satyr crushes  
the liliated reeds in the brake.

The sound of a flute drifts over,  
(but I have closed my ears)  
and the air is sweet with the lover,  
and the cry of the fugitive years.

I have not heard nor seen them,  
I have not danced nor sung,  
and when love passed between them  
he left my heart unwrung.

They have wasted their lives by spending,  
and are with death rewarded,  
but I shall find no ending  
of the life that I have hoarded.

I saved the source of living,  
Thou knowest at what cost,  
and, therefore, All-forgiving,  
now give me what I lost !

THE RESPECTABLE WOMAN

II

It is a common lie—who would believe it?—  
that, as men lose their beauty, the slow earth  
does in her tranquil motherhood re-weave it  
into a bird—into a flower-birth.

It is not true. The earth has no such power.

But spring to spring is hostile; summer  
saith,

“Was there another summer?”; bird and  
flower

have nothing half so lovely as their death.

And if men say no drop in rapture’s cup

but is some beauty known, and re-engendered  
now, as hereafter, for the millionth time,  
remember lost Atlantis silted up,

and crawling seas between the beauties  
squandered

of gods face downwards in the ocean slime.

# THE WINNERS

# PROBLEMS OF THE

THE LOVERS. HE

I

II

III

THE LOVERS. SHE

I

II

III

certificate, normally acquired after three semesters,

saw some bronze dawn the parapets of  
 heaven,  
     intolerably far,  
 and bright, and unattainable, so love's one  
 star,

seen from the abyss of smoking life, and you  
 Krishna, or Balder, or some older name  
 for the unimaginable beauty breaking through  
 the tossing veils of vision, this is the same  
     beauty that died,  
 and rose again, when the world's heart was  
 crucified.)

Say that love passes, crying in a mist,  
 say that I failed her, say that, being this,  
 even at the high moment of love's Eucharist  
 I bartered my starry birthright for a kiss,  
     and when she bent  
 her bright and serving head, betrayed her  
 sacrament.

Yet she forgave me, yet with the star she strove,  
 saying, "Dear star, rather than he should  
     blame  
 his treason, I will fashion with my love

some lesser star, and call it by your name,  
and, though I lose you,  
if there must be a choice, dear star, I cannot  
choose you."

So she stepped down, out of her natal splendour,  
to comfort me, and saw the great light  
dwindle,  
but, at the dark horizons of surrender,  
now, at the end, I see the star rekindle,  
and, dying, know  
there was no star but she, nor will be, where  
I go.



PROBLEMS OF THE  
certificate, normally acquired after three semesters,

## THE LOVERS

HE

I

ROMANCE? Has she escaped? But, wait!

Surely that goat-boy heard  
a step as undeliberate  
and swift, as the low word

spoken by the beloved, and, wheeling  
suddenly to the height,  
he watched illumination stealing  
the very source of sight.

Look at his eyes. They do not heed us,  
enchanted and forsaken,  
but their bright misery may lead us  
upon the path that she has taken.

She touched his eyelids with a morning  
that left him beautiful and blind  
to be a promise, and a warning  
of what we too may find.

So into noon between the firs  
climb where no shadow moves,  
and learn that the forest-lawns are hers  
(but their silences are love's).

Climb on ! (and does he watch in twilight  
the goatherd, where he lies,  
the actual stars mislead the shy light  
abandoned in his eyes ?)

Climb on, and find a mountain-inn,  
and, while he sleeps, the noise  
of rain on the roof is a violin  
quietly tuned to your voice.

Your voice, in which day's shadows creep  
warm, perfumed, intimate  
with drowsy words that fall asleep  
of their own weight.

And, last of all, when you are sinking  
into quiet, and only your eyes  
glimmer, like that lost torch-boy linking  
his unknown Paradise,

PROBLEMS OF THE

ance certificate, normally acquired after three semesters

and you stretch your negligent fingers, wooing  
beauty into her trance,  
then all our life, that was vainly pursuing,  
like his, becomes romance.

# THE LOVERS

HE

II

No ! do not speak ! It is better to stand so  
in air as palpable as water about us  
with lips close-shut lest it should drown us.

No !

we need not speak, since this had never been  
without us.

It is your hand in mine that has lit the lake,  
a bowl with a lamp shining through alabaster,  
a bowl some Ganymede has lifted to slake  
the thirst divine of his tall white mountain-  
master.

It is your still gold head, in the wave of the  
wind  
like a Naiad's head, that makes the great  
mountains dress  
their spears at the salute. A thought in your  
mind  
tumbled on the autumn trees their sunset  
loveliness.

certificate, normally acquired after three semesters,

It is because you stand remote above  
 the beauty of the world you are making,  
 slender  
 as the slim reed at the young lips of love,  
 that Time has broken his sword and the  
 years surrender

It is because you have leaned a little toward me,  
 not as a lover, but as the holier part  
 of the poet's mind, that this fugitive ecstasy  
 outpaces even what the heart can say to the  
 heart.

For love has but two notes, and those notes  
 shake  
 beyond themselves from the heard to the  
 unheard note,  
 and so fall back. And in dark the lovers wake,  
 but we shall not wake in dark, for this is the  
 third note.

# THE LOVERS

HE

III

I AM the fiddler. Ere the world began

I had two notes, and only two. The one  
with tumbled sunflakes dripping, I called man,  
the second had no name and needed none.

I am the fiddler. Like a golden fan

I folded the long feathers I had spun,  
and, as I folded them, a shadow ran,  
silver, between the music and the sun.

I threw my bow over the stars, and no man  
remembered Krishna, but, till the world is  
done,

there are but these two notes, a single tune,—  
man, that I named before the world, and  
woman,

so named when she redeemed the fallen sun  
with the vicarious silver of the moon.

ce certificate, normally acquired after three semesters,

## THE LOVERS

### SHE

LISTEN! The world was quiet when he  
 came,  
 and the clear moon, turning to glass the air,  
 could hardly pierce it with her argent flame,  
 but hung, in cool suspension, mirrored there,  
     but when he spoke  
 the glass of the moon was in his voice, and  
 the glass broke.

Broke—and some splinter cut away the net,  
 in which a singing lark had been snared, and  
     she,  
 afraid of her own wings, would not rise yet,  
 but hid in my heart a moment, swayingly,  
     while far above  
 there was a high star drew this little star to  
 love—

love in his moment, that does not ask or give,  
 love in his moment uncompassionate,  
 love, that is a death, in which the lovers live

between the mortal and the immortal state,  
than death no less  
love that knows unimaginable loneliness.

And still she hid—my lark—(and who can tell  
what is the lovely threat and terror of wings  
for all who fly?) but, suddenly, she fell  
clean into heaven out of all these things,  
and as she tumbled  
the long beam of her singing in the moonlight  
trembled.

(Psyche, do you remember the wings beating,  
and all the little earth that fell so far,  
when you, all wingless, through the midnight  
fleeting,  
woke among wings upon an alien star,  
unknown, untrod.  
and, turning to your lover, knew him for a  
god?)

Psyche, if you remember this, remember  
how long the first flight is, the woman how  
waking,  
in what wild world unguessed, after what  
slumber,



ce certificate, normally acquired after three semesters,

## THE LOVERS

### SHE

LISTEN! The world was quiet when he  
 came,  
 and the clear moon, turning to glass the air,  
 could hardly pierce it with her argent flame,  
 but hung, in cool suspension, mirrored there,  
 but when he spoke  
 the glass of the moon was in his voice, and  
 the glass broke.

Broke—and some splinter cut away the net,  
 in which a singing lark had been snared, and  
 she,  
 afraid of her own wings, would not rise yet,  
 but hid in my heart a moment, swayingly,  
 while far above  
 there was a high star drew this little star to  
 love—

love in his moment, that does not ask or give,  
 love in his moment uncompassionate,  
 love, that is a death, in which the lovers live

between the mortal and the immortal state,  
than death no less  
love that knows unimaginable loneliness.

And still she hid—my lark—(and who can tell  
what is the lovely threat and terror of wings  
for all who fly?) but, suddenly, she fell  
clean into heaven out of all these things,  
and as she tumbled  
the long beam of her singing in the moonlight  
trembled.

(Psyche, do you remember the wings beating,  
and all the little earth that fell so far,  
when you, all wingless, through the midnight  
fleeting,  
woke among wings upon an alien star,  
unknown, untrod.  
and, turning to your lover, knew him for a  
god?)

Psyche, if you remember this, remember  
how long the first flight is, the woman how  
waking,  
in what wild world unguessed, after what  
slumber,

certificate, normally acquired after three semesters,

with the heart crying and the wings how  
aching,

remember these  
lonely, between the kisses, and love's long  
silences

And then remember how through all sorrow  
after,

weeping, and the slow mitigation of the  
flight,

still some clear echo of the lark's high  
laughter

sounds, and wings beating upward through  
the night,

upward and out  
to where the straight trumpets are calling,  
and the gold stars shout.)

I chose between my soul and him—no choice  
since he became my soul, and, dying, know  
that, though all voices fade in love's one  
voice,

and all but this are silent where I go,  
the path I trod,  
alone, was lonely with the loneliness of God.

## THE LOVERS

SHE

I

YEs, they will give me there  
all that I missed here.  
Ah! but I shall not know  
lips that I kissed here.  
Coldly the harp of silver,  
coldly, how cold,  
the harpist will stroke the great  
harp of gold—  
cool, grave, immaculate  
notes, but how graver  
than life's small cadences  
hushed there for ever,  
how in their absolute  
counterpoint less to me  
than love's voice breaking on  
his fugitive "Yes" to me,  
than love's voice changing from  
a sob to a dumb thing,  
but in the silences  
plucking on something

PROBLEMS OF THE

certificate, normally acquired after three semesters,

the shade of things mortal, a  
butterfly's trace on  
God's inconceivable  
diapason.

# THE LOVERS

SHE

II

I WAS not envious of beauty in your verse,  
save when your own, being mortal, fell  
below it,  
nor asked Euterpe aught of what was hers,  
save when she robbed the man to crown the  
poet.

Ah ! I was proud as she when with a mouthful  
of words you changed men's hearts, and with  
a tune  
turned the dull North of hatreds into a South  
full  
of love, and the first nightingale beneath the  
moon.

Ah ! I was proud as she, where silence lay dense  
as mist on all those waiting for the spring  
in the hollow centuries, when your bright  
cadence  
flashed like a torch, like a gold swallow's  
wing.

certificate, normally acquired after three semesters,

Ah ! I was proud, but what you did for these  
the living, and the unborn, could you not do  
for yourself also ? bring that shining peace  
to your wild heart ? not save your own love  
too ?

O dear vicarious lover, with your head bowed,  
holding the crown high above foreheads  
unknown,  
sealing their love and peace, ah ! I was proud,  
prouder than Euterpe, poet—and alone.

# THE LOVERS

SHE

III

THE great Italian made his statues wear  
the rhythm of his mind as absolute  
as though he poured the metal like an air  
along the cool obedience of a flute.  
And yet when all was finished, on the smooth  
of bronze or marble side some alien glow  
descended with the menace of a truth,  
that baffled even Michael Angelo.  
So love, though shaped to follow perfectly  
the ultimate vision men and women spend  
for that brief peace at the flame's heart, goes  
free  
by some strange light their passion could not  
lend.  
Love is greater than the lovers. Love is such  
that all may love, and fail, and yet be rich.



PROBLEMS OF THE

certificate, normally acquired after three semesters.

THE BUILDER

I

II

III

THE TEACHER

I

II

## THE BUILDER,

SPACE is a thin black fog that coils and  
smokes  
with long loose-lipped defiance, but we  
pack it  
into the stuff of vision, whose golden strokes  
tear at the formless void until they crack it,  
and in the brain  
burst into pattern's unimaginable pain.

Arches thrust out like the back of a maddened  
horse,  
braced as with striving hoofs at emptiness,  
the lunge of the sheer stone with the white  
force  
of fire pouring upward into space,  
the meteor shower  
in traceries transfixed, and the unquestion-  
able tower.

Or blocks, head-downwards into rivers stamped,  
drowned in the mud and holding, though  
they drown,  
while on their suffocating valiance clamped

vast girders leap, so that you feel the frown  
of frozen flight,  
and almost hear the groan of wings that fail  
to bite.

There is one splendour of vision, another glory,  
different and less, of the vision consummate  
snatched from the void in steeple and clere-  
story  
and the tall iron irresolutely great,  
the builder's tale  
of all the strivings of men that thus divinely  
fail.

(Lucifer, that fell from heaven, and Azrael—  
space in triumphant darkness—you were lit  
even with the burning of pinions as they fell,  
each bound for ever to his opposite—  
type of man's soul  
divided thus for ever, thus for ever whole.

And though you fell, pale angel, it is thus  
you hung the unappeasable stars to mark  
the long way back that climbs for all of us

untrodden and enchanted through the dark,  
and all our pride  
is that the desire of the heart is never  
satisfied.)

The desire remains. So let the builder go,  
whose work is only to kindle it anew.  
The desire remains for beauty they did not  
know,  
they failed and builded better than they  
knew,  
'who failing wind  
the secret slug-horn at the ramparts of the  
mind.

Childe Rolande is at the gate. The paynim  
gloom  
grapples his throat, but still he sounds again  
man's last rejoinder that, outfacing doom,  
awakes the startled hosts of Charlemagne  
crying in the night  
"The heathen dark has wrong, Christians  
have right."

# THE BUILDER

## I

THEORIES of Art ! Believe me, they're no theories !

To know yourself, to clutch what now and here is

and set it down for yourself—that's all there is in all that chatter about mysteries !

Take my Gioconda (Mind ! the paint is wet, And stand well back ! She isn't finished yet !)

What made me paint her just like that, d'you think ?

Shade, line and colour ! Fools to waste their ink !

All that is in it—that's the stuff of the trade, as a man of bone and flesh is moulded and made.

Yes, but does God stop there ? Does He design

this as an exercise in colour and line

and rest content with that ? And dust His thumb

as though He'd finished working out a sum !

In His own image He makes us—meaning He creates each soul with separate agony,

tearing it out of His own—and using flesh

(as I, as anyone, might use his brush)  
to set His mind free of a thought that stung  
Him  
into creation. What d'you say? I wrong  
Him

to speak of Him in human terms. How else  
can we speak of Him? Of all miracles  
the greatest is that a man understands  
God in the godhead of his shaping hands  
when he moves them blindly, when he gropes,  
he grips,  
and the thrill of life cracks through his finger-  
tips.

So let's get back to God. It is not enough  
for Him to be. The wild star-radiant stuff  
of what He is struggles, is wracked, is torn  
like a harp bursting—and a world is born.  
Does He in the agony of birth, on the rack  
of that adorable suffering stand back  
and murmur, "Value, colour, balance, line,"  
or when the dawn-gold spur of an Apennine  
cleaves chaos, like a sword, red with His blood,  
sob to the morning-stars as they sing "It is  
good"?

Then look at my Gioconda! See how she  
pinches

her cold clear lips, and count my soul by inches  
creeping from corner to corner of her mouth  
and so  
to the cheek, to the eyes, to the hair, and watch  
it grow  
not into a face, (for that were only a trick  
of neat additional arithmetic)  
but into Leonardo himself, and the life she  
pinches  
between her lips is the life that is Da Vinci's.

That's what Art is—and now enough of talk.  
Give me my brush, friend, and that powdered  
chalk.



# THE BUILDER

## II

F O R in this we are justified—  
to set down what we have seen,  
and strange voices have cried  
strange words between

saying “ Beauty,” saying “ Love,”  
not as we know or say them,  
and the shadows we are made of  
vex and bewray them.

But, like men stemming a crowd,  
we hold back the press,  
and a little space is allowed  
to this loveliness,

that is not ours, nor anyone’s,  
but in whose service we  
make smooth the path that runs  
from the sea to the sea.

# THE BUILDER

## III

C O M E ! let us write our mortal signature  
across the unsubjective world, and claim  
that all its temporal attributes endure,  
and some are beautiful, because we came.  
O r say the moon did never evening lure  
with her cold magic till we spoke her name,  
nor the great star of the sun was ever sure,  
till we saluted him, of his tall flame.  
Let us endow the universe, and feel it  
slide through the wavering borderlands of  
sense,  
and in the instant of creation seal it  
with thought's sign-manual of permanence.  
So God, when He had fashioned them, would  
sign  
His Dents du Midi or an Apennine.

## THE TEACHER

I A L S O build, but not with steel nor stone,  
but with the shadowy bricks of innocence,  
and mortār that the heart has made her own,  
and what I build has neither roof nor fence  
that can deflect,  
with limits or an end, the visionary architect.

This is more than the upward anguish of the  
spire,  
more than the vaulting bridge, that all but  
flies:  
it is the consecration, and the fire  
fallen from far : it is the voice that cries,  
“ Make the way smooth  
for the feet of the lord of the world, whose  
name is youth.”

He comes out of the hills from a small town.  
He has the sun in his hair and his eyes are lit,  
and the thorns of the world are blossoms for  
his crown,  
and I am she who crowns his head with it.  
Yes ! I have found him  
lost in the desert of his heart, and crowned  
him.

I crown him and I go, but he is hurled  
into life's beauty against the plausible gods  
of sleek content, and master of the world  
establishes his starry periods,  
and in his turn  
passes, but because of him the living gods  
return.

Return, and he is lost to me, who freed him,  
as I was lost to him, when he was freed,  
but since the world will then no longer need  
him,  
I also will absolve him of my need,  
when that is done  
for which the God in me sent forth his well-  
belovéd Son.

(Mary, who, having much, had this more given,  
who in the dark when all your pains were  
done  
knew that your babe was in Himself the  
heaven  
for which all other women lose their son,  
nor they alone,  
Mary, who make the future out of their  
blood and bone.

They make a Saviour, and no Angels hail him.  
No gain of all the world consoles their loss.  
They set his eyes toward the light, and fail  
him  
because they cannot modify his Cross,  
set at the dim  
end of the path they traced, but cannot walk  
with him.)

And yet without my building all were vain.  
The airy towers and the terraced slope  
of cities are the birthright of my pain,  
and the dream I lost and my abandoned hope,  
by vision fanned,  
are the torch that the runners pass from hand  
to hand.

# THE TEACHER

## I

This I believe :  
that if I do not will  
the Universe stands still.  
I and those of whom I am the part  
built it and changed it in our heart,  
not out of mud, nor stone, nor sea,  
but out of that in which all these  
begin, are all, and naught—  
the deep desiring thought.

This I believe :  
The ape  
of which I wear the shape  
tumbled in me—his Hell—  
a furry archangel,  
and, with the only skill he had,  
swung with one pitiful blackpad  
into the jungle of my will  
desiring, till  
with a final stroke  
he tore his prison-vesture off, and spoke.  
He threw aside, because he willed,  
the coat that clamped and killed,

and shall he not assume, if he have striven,  
when all is done, investiture in heaven ?

This I believe :

I am the ape

that God made in His shape,

and who, when he has changed all this,

will at the last refashion God in his.

# THE TEACHER

## II

THEY murmur, the children, like bees in  
summer  
in a hot garden, like bees in a cup,  
and, like light through branches, now gay, now  
dimmer,  
thought touches a face that is lifted up.  
My bees, with the pollen under your feet,  
when the thought we shared is no longer  
alive,  
will aught that we dreamed of together be  
sweet,  
will there be honey of ours in the hive?  
It is dark in the hive. There is fear, there is  
shame,  
there are tears, and ugliness unto death.  
Sweet thieves of the sun, must it still be the  
same,  
or will not the flowers you rifled bequeathe  
a glimpse of the vision you saw at my knees,  
when the teacher was taught by the Keeper of  
Bees?



*THE SAINT. HE*

*I*

*II*

*THE SAINT. SHE*

*I*

*II*

# THE SAINT

HE

SAINT FRANCIS of Assisi, do you remember

the sacred mountain, green above the lake,  
where first the vines and then the olives  
clamber,

and the flowers, so lulled with beauty, never  
wake—

gold, crimson, blue,  
on the long drowsy terraces you loved and  
knew?

Still in the lake the painted island-town  
to the brown shelter of its Minster creeps,  
and still the kerchiefed boatman, bending  
down,  
scarce stirs the burnished water with his  
sweeps,  
and from the hill  
the monastery bells affirm your gospel still.

Your gospel of the birds and of the flowers,  
how every petal God has deigned to paint  
has by its mere enamel all the powers,

and more than all the beauty of the saint,  
and how the swallow  
worships with arrow flight that prayer is  
feign to follow.

Your gospel of acceptance, that transposes  
God, and this earthly beauty He has made,  
finding the resurrection in the roses  
and all the angels in a single blade,  
and having heard  
the Twelve Apostles in the voice of a bird.

And, as with beauty, so with ugliness  
asking the mire, that your feet had trod,  
with its long patience to redeem and bless  
the soul's impatience, when the feet of God  
pass by, as though  
He cared not what He crushed, and did not  
even know.

With ugliness, or what so seemed, and sin  
that is no more than beauty's other side,  
your gospel, like your Master, entered in  
and by acceptance proved, what sin denied,  
that wickedness  
is part of the soul of God, and calls to Him  
no less.

You sought no cloister, but with their wild-  
rose fire

you built of understanding and of pardon  
the walls, that shut out envy, hate, desire,  
or changed them into flowers in your garden,  
since all were part  
of the burden of man, and therefore of your  
heart.

Still in your sacred mountain the cold lances  
of the moon ring the target of your mere,  
and while one man loves birds and flowers,  
St. Francis,  
you and the company of saints are here,  
while one man knows  
that all creation is simple as a rose,

fades like a rose, and has the rose's thorn,  
but sees behind the fallen petal the bud,  
and understands, although his heart is torn,  
there was and is salvation in blood,  
while anyone  
lies down to sleep, accepting everything  
beneath the sun.

# THE SAINT

HE

I

THESE are not flowers. They are Adam  
seeing  
the grasses in the empty Garden weave  
out of their love the many-coloured being  
in which they trembled at the feet of Eve.

These are not flowers. They are Moses break-  
ing  
the sullen rock in the desert with his hand.  
They are, spring-cooled, the vision re-awaking  
of the green pastures in the Promised Land.

These are not flowers. They are Jacob waiting  
for Rachel seven years, and, when she came,  
finding that April had been hesitating  
for seven years to justify her name.

These are not flowers. They are David crying,  
“ Absalom, Absalom, O, my son, my son ! ”  
They are the echoes down the years replying,  
“ Absalom, Absalom,” softly on and on.

These are not flowers. They are Mary hearing  
the promise of the Saviour and His burden.  
They are not flowers, but a woman bearing  
the rose of heaven in an earthly garden.

These are not flowers. They are God renewing  
the Eden that His Adam sacrificed.  
They are not flowers. They are heaven wooing  
man with the floral benison of Christ.

# THE SAINT

HE

II

WHERE in the mountains in their shining  
ranks

the flowers march, it is easy to believe  
in the God of flowers, and to give Him thanks

Who wears His floral heart upon His sleeve.  
Here, where is harbourage for butterflies,

perfectly matching flowers shade by shade,  
till wings appear to sink, and blossoms to rise,  
it would be strange if a man had not prayed.

It would be strange here where the bees discover

the pollen that enriches giver and taker,  
if man the loved should not accept the Lover,  
or in the moment of making refuse the  
Maker.

And if a flower in her cup can hold Him,  
is there not room in the heart of man to fold  
Him ?

# THE SAINT

## SHE

Do you remember, Joan, (O vain to wonder  
if you remember how the evening star,  
a thousand times you drove the herd home  
under,  
admitted you to vision's Calendar,  
like any child  
by that tall friendship, and the quiet moon  
beguiled ?)

Do you remember the Dom Rémy you knew,  
the plain and the small mountain-range of  
ricks,  
the poplars at their goose-step, two by two,  
the brown hen-church that folded her stone-  
chicks,  
your father's farm  
so dear, so small it almost fitted in your arm ?

Do you remember (even through the flame)  
after the long day's labour in the field  
how with the Angelus you heard your name  
mixed with the bells, and hid your face and  
kneeled



when sweet and high  
a peasant heard "ecce ancilla Domini"?

"Behold the servant of the Lord—and France,"  
and in your hands, that never held a sword,  
the country staff was lifted like a lance  
in the hushed aisles of evening, to the Lord,  
and you were gone  
for ever, Joan, to put immortal iron on.

What was your sainthood, Joan? You did  
not guess  
when you restored his lilies to your king  
that you had found beyond the fleur-de-lys  
the lilies in an everlasting spring  
whose wind is blown  
across the centuries, and is fragrant, Joan.

You were not a proud saint. You went alone  
among the soldiers, and you understood  
how men are only frightened angels, Joan,  
and evil only unprotected good;  
you knew these things,  
and knew how pardonable are the hearts of  
kings.

And, being a woman, you lifted mankind up  
against the devil in their own despite,  
and when they feared, you drank the bitter  
cup  
for all your cowards as by woman's right,  
and, even when  
you burned, you did not blame them, know-  
ing they were men.

Saint Joan, it may be all things human must  
be dull with earth, and with the darkness  
faint,  
but if it be so, then your mortal dust  
was purged with flame till you were all a  
saint,  
and when you prayed  
fire spoke to fire, and mixed in heaven, Maid.

# THE SAINT

SHE

I

T H E R E is no need to bind the lilies : ,  
    she has laid them to her breast.  
She has gathered the flowers. As her Father's  
    will is  
    let us leave her. It is best.

They will not fade where she has set them.  
    They will not fade and, though  
France and the cause she died for should forget  
    them,  
God will remember. Let us go.

# THE SAINT

SHE

II

AND the massed English soldiery stood by,  
an army of the damned by a devil painted—  
steel cap and jerkin—with the crimson dye  
of their Hell-fire, in which the Maid was  
sainted.

So all men with a faggot or a trick  
burn the hot vision of youth, and watching  
it rise

to heaven, are varnished by their heretic  
with the great gold of transitory surprise.  
But afterwards glows there a single ember,  
in the pale inch by its wan candle lit  
they find their youth reflected, and remember  
how once the world and heaven blazed with  
it.

And, though nor youth nor vision will return,  
with their bright death, the hearts, that  
burned them, burn.

THE UNCOMMON MAN

I

II

THE UNCOMMON WOMAN

I

II

## THE UNCOMMON MAN

GREATNESS? But by what measure do  
you mete—

By what I did, or what I sought and lost,  
by the hot whisper of the roaring street,  
or the cold lips of the unapproving ghost,  
that slides between

the little thing I am and what I might have  
been?

There have been men that have surpassed their  
fate,

finding a star in the mud. These in the  
things

they could have had and left unclaimed were  
great,

these in the kingdoms they refused were  
kings.

These, plunging deep  
into the dreams' bright origins, found dreams  
to keep.

Vision! as snowflakes, silver in the night,  
stain the dark air, or a star's coloured dust  
paints the pale heavens with the source of  
light,

so vision, beauty's unassuageable lust  
    for the unattained,  
abides with the chosen, gold, as a star had  
    stained.

And greatness is the vision, not the deed.  
    Greatness is to be one with the vision, and  
    ensue it,  
greatness is suffering, greatness a long need,  
and distant bugles crying faintly through it,  
    " Lights out ! Lights out ! "  
Greatness is to hear the bugles and not to  
    doubt.

But loud these bugles for the doer cry,  
    and the sound of his longing for beauty is dim,  
as note after note ascends his evening sky,  
stealing the ancient stars and the moon from  
    him,  
        to range instead  
the frozen constellations of the vision fled.

And the great man's greatness marches by his side,  
    fainter with the rising bugles on the air,  
as though the whole world were a voice that  
    cried,

“To-day and here, not then nor over there,”  
and no great lily  
of the trump of vision at dawn will sound  
réveillé.

And thus the uncommon man is Lucifer  
falling in his own heart, so hidden at birth  
with the great wings of vision, so far from  
her  
wandered with the green laurels of the earth,  
so standing, crowned  
by men, hears the wings pass until there is  
no sound.

“These lost the world. These are lost arch-  
angels.”

Whence came these words? Not in my  
mind they rose,  
but strangely stirred, as though green-  
brazen bells  
were rubbed by fingers, lighter than the  
snows,  
so faint with such  
far cry of bronze beneath a cold and feathery  
touch.



Who are the losers of the world? Not those  
millions, whose spark is blown upon the  
wind,  
to make one petal of the fiery rose  
which they, who nurse their flame, can never  
find,  
not those who spend,  
and lay their beauty down for their unknown  
friend.

Who are the lost archangels? Not the gentle  
who are as rich as the blades of grass, that  
stand  
content to be one thread in the green mantle  
in which spring enters on Broceliande,  
not those who give  
their lives that greater lives than theirs may  
live.

We lose the world. We are lost archangels,  
who take their gift, and, taking, lose our own,  
we the magicians weaker than our spells,  
the lesser sculptors than the patient stone,  
we, who by this  
are given all loveliness to fashion, and to  
miss.

We lose the world. And yet, in losing, see  
by their lost sight, feel by their wasted touch,  
and find the face of God bewilderingly,  
because these others loved their dream too  
much,  
because we love it  
too little, and through them become the  
meaning of it.

We are the losers of the world, and we have it.  
We are the lost archangels, and we rise.  
We have cheated the faith they had, and they  
forgave it,  
blind, and we see behind their darkened eyes.  
Died, and instead  
are the life eternal for which all these are  
dead.

Who are the losers of the world? Not those  
millions, whose spark is blown upon the  
wind,  
to make one petal of the fiery rose  
which they, who nurse their flame, can never  
find,  
not those who spend,  
and lay their beauty down for their unknown  
friend.

Who are the lost archangels? Not the gentle  
who are as rich as the blades of grass, that  
stand  
content to be one thread in the green mantle  
in which spring enters on Broceliande,  
not those who give  
their lives that greater lives than theirs may  
live.

We lose the world. We are lost archangels,  
who take their gift, and, taking, lose our own,  
we the magicians weaker than our spells,  
the lesser sculptors than the patient stone,  
we, who by this  
are given all loveliness to fashion, and to  
miss.

We lose the world. And yet, in losing, see  
by their lost sight, feel by their wasted touch,  
and find the face of God bewilderingly,  
because these others loved their dream too  
much,  
because we love it  
too little, and through them become the  
meaning of it.

We are the losers of the world, and we have it.  
We are the lost archangels, and we rise.  
We have cheated the faith they had, and they  
forgave it,  
blind, and we see behind their darkened eyes.  
Died, and instead  
are the life eternal for which all these are  
dead.

# THE UNCOMMON MAN

## I

THE feathers in a fan  
are not so frail as man;  
the green embosséd leaf  
than man is no more brief.  
His life is not so loud  
as the passing of a cloud;  
his death is quieter  
than harebells, when they stir.  
The years that have no form  
and substance are as warm,  
and space has hardly less  
supreme an emptiness.  
And yet man being frail  
does on himself prevail,  
and with a single thought  
can bring the world to naught,  
as being brief he still  
bends to his fleeting will  
all time, and makes of it  
the shadow of his wit.  
Soundless in life and death  
although he vanisheth,

the echo of a song  
makes all the stars a gong.  
Cold, void, and yet the grim  
darkness is hot with him,  
and space is but the span  
of the long love of man.

# THE UNCOMMON MAN

## II

THE Cross was but the iron clamps that hold  
the shutter at a window. Slip the bars  
and, with a rush, come flooding in, all gold,  
the tides of day, or evening with her stars.  
But say He had not touched the shutter, say  
He'd waited in the darkness patiently,  
and suffered all life long, day after day,  
his slow habitual Gethsemane.  
God, the old Pharaoh, obstinate and blind,  
rubbed by that gradual proof of all men's  
woe,  
might at the last have understood mankind,  
and for His own sake let His people go,  
and the Crucified become the Crucifying,  
if Christ had lived for men instead of dying.

## THE UNCOMMON WOMAN

I LEAN back through the dark forest of my  
race,  
and all the floor is heaped with delicate  
ash  
of leaf and blossom, and husk too small to  
trace—  
all that is left of man's imperious flesh  
made manifest  
in battle, love, and the journey to the Islands  
of the West.

Not his these scented ashes, this bland air,  
but Nature's only, muttering in her sleep,  
"Let life go on," and does not know nor  
care  
if all who live are foundered fathoms deep,  
like sinking wrack  
changing from gold to green, from green to  
unimagined black.

Old wars, the desperate bid for life by dying,  
mix with dust Edens long ago forgotten,  
and here Gethsemanes in ash are lying



browner than last year's leaves, as those  
leaves rotten,  
all nature's tricks—  
even the last sweet treachery of a Crucifix.

But woman has a secret that resists  
the magic of the half-gods, as they wind  
their spells with slow, but surely wearying,  
wrists,  
woman has a secret not all their webs can  
bind—  
the little Powers  
weaving for their own necks these sacrificial  
flowers.

What is our secret, Eve? When the coiled  
snake  
tempts us with knowledge, and we whisper  
“Yes”?  
What is our secret, Mary? When they take  
our dream and crucify it? and no less  
we must outdream  
the serpent-trick of knowledge, and man's  
blind stratagem?

What is the secret of women, that jettison  
the Edens that they have for spectral gleams  
of impossible Edens always further on ?  
Who offer up the child Jesus of their dreams  
to the sharp nails,  
that hammer into Hell the broken dream that  
fails ?

What is their secret ? Woman is older than man,  
and is not cheated by the manifold pretence  
of life that has no purpose and no plan,  
wooing with spring and flowers and trees  
the sense  
of those, who should  
look into darkness in cold undecorated  
solitude.

Woman, that bears, has a higher fate than  
bearing.

Woman, that gives, outlasts both giving and  
taking.

Woman, that loves, outloves the need of caring.

Woman, that dies, is moulding death, for-  
saking

life's fleeting guesses  
for the rich dark, and sempiternal loveliness.

She is the labyrinth that man has trod  
led by the tapes of love the conjurer,  
who in that guidance dreams himself a god,  
and does not guess that in the heart of her  
    he is no more  
than, gazing over seas unknown, the Mino-  
    taur.

She is the constant in the bewildering flow  
of numbers, written in chalk on death's long  
    slate,  
to which death has the key, but does not  
    know  
how that one figure, stronger far than fate,  
    will crash the sum  
in the gold total of her proud Kingdom  
    Come.

And the Uncommon Woman, whatever shape  
man's wandering fancy gives her, Ashtaroath,  
Psyche, or Eve or Mary, cannot escape  
from that in men and women, transcending  
    both  
    the primal trust,  
to which she is appointed, of the patient dust,

twisted and battered, suffering and torn,  
but clamouring ever through its shapeless  
mouth  
for sheerer peaks than thought's last Matter-  
horn,  
for swallow-flights past beauty's furthest  
South,  
for that which must  
be the whole meaning of dust, because it is  
not dust.

To that all women are pledged, and do not  
know it,  
and I, the uncommon woman, who dimly see  
that we are the first conjecture of a poet,  
one line in an unconcerted harmony,  
I will not falter,  
myself the flame, I shall not see, upon the  
unseen altar.

# THE UNCOMMON WOMAN

## I

W H E N the ancient ape and fish  
mould man's spirit to their wish,  
when the battle in the brain,  
fought and won, is lost again,  
when in fear or hate or rage  
man disowns his heritage,  
when the heart's imagining  
plucks the angel by the wing,  
and at the first defiling touch  
the great white pinions wheel and clutch,  
clutch and wheel, and with one great  
impulse leave man desolate,  
what remains? What prayer, what priest  
can stay the empire of the beast?  
What new legions can be hurled  
into the breach to save the world?  
But stay! a lantern in the dark,  
and in the night a bugle, hark!  
Have hope, my spirit! There appears  
down the dark victorious years,  
where man has fallen, cool and slim,  
the captain God aneled for him.  
Her beauty is the clarion

of the new armies sweeping on,  
the trumpet-note whose echoes spill  
from darkened hill to darkened hill.  
And where the broken hosts have reeled  
she lifts her courage like a shield,  
lifts up her laughter like a sword,  
and flings them back, released, restored,  
bursting the ultimate night apart  
with the artillery of her heart,  
and, where the scattered clouds were piled,  
bearing the morning, like a child.

# THE UNCOMMON WOMAN

## II

I AM the spring of tree and flower and beast,  
in man's wild blood my settled pulses stir,  
and, while his sun still modifies the East  
with his blonde torch, I am his prisoner.  
But tree and flower and beast are only a name  
for man's brief dreams, and even the sun is  
naught,  
with all his lenient planets, but a flame  
that blazes, and will perish, in a thought.  
And till these pass, the secret in me trembles,  
waiting its hour, and still I keep between  
the half-seen truth, of which all these are  
symbols,  
and the whole truth, where sight is one with  
seen,  
where even love lays by man's last pretence  
of consummation in difference.

# LOSERS AND WINNERS



# LOSERS AND WINNERS

## I. THE LOSERS

WE lost the world. We are lost archangels  
and time abandons us, and we become  
the silence in heaven when no organ swells  
between the stars, and even the moon is  
dumb—

we sons and daughters  
of light are darkness on the face of the  
waters,

dark with the flame, whose plume is black in  
Hell,

at which the angels of despair are lit,  
Lucifer, who fell with Adam, and Azrael,  
and, deeply burning in the heart of it,

how can they save  
when our pale spirits call them from a nameless  
grave?

We lost the world. We are not even weary,  
passing beyond despair and comfort both,  
and, if our hands are spoiled, could you, pale  
Mary,

restore them, or our hearts, you, Ashtaroth?  
Can you not save,  
Mary and Ashtaroth, nor hear us in the  
grave?

We rose like archangels, and afterward  
through cycle after flaming epicycle  
in the doomed armies lift a broken sword  
to share that doom, but you remember,  
Michael,  
that, if they name us,  
we, dying, raise the "morituri salutamus,"

and that long cry, if even our names are lost,  
may echo through the frozen festival,  
where what we might have been—a silent  
host  
of cold spectators—sees us fight and fall,  
but if we come,  
their own ghosts crying, who will dare to  
turn the thumb?

We lost the world, soldier and prostitute,  
the common man and woman of despair,  
who play on life as on a ruined flute

when nothing but the will to play is there,  
and our poor breath  
has only the two stops, false life and falser  
death.

We are lost archangels. You, Magdalene,  
since you, like us, the source of life had  
marred  
in death's dull cause, had it not better been  
rather these heads to anoint with spikenard,  
these bent, these grey,  
for whom there are no angels to roll the  
stone away?

For whom there is no archangel to plead  
in heaven, or advance their case in hell,  
who buy from Lucifer with bitter need  
oblivion in the dark of Azrael,  
and who must sell,  
hucksters, the freedom for which the angels  
fell?

Is there no archangel, no spirit lief  
to save the huckster that all men may be?  
None? But, bright choir, there was once a  
thief

who found his archangel on Calvary—  
a thief who won  
by his acceptance the life rejected by the nun,

the cloistered nun who laid the world aside  
before the world had spoken, and no less  
in all of us is man's unsatisfied  
desire for more than human holiness  
in the heart spared  
(Who knows ?) because of the agony of love  
it shared.

The unknown love to which we sacrificed,  
destroying other gods, and clove to this,  
an older Mithras and a darker Christ,  
and yet betrayed him with the Judas-kiss  
to those who saw  
through lawlessness only the cold avenging  
law,

who would not see that to defy the rule,  
though it destroy the law, builds it anew  
out of rebellion more beautiful  
than the old law that custom made untrue,  
who sacrificed  
for that bleak satisfaction even Christ.

And therefore, Archangels, since you are  
jealous  
guardians in heaven of the source of love,  
lean down from your high sanctuary and tell  
us,  
while still upon our souls the shadows move,  
we shall not starve  
in heaven, on earth who only stand and serve.

We lost the world. Fall with us, Lucifer !  
Cover us with your darkness, Azrael !  
We are lost archangels. Then cry to her,  
to Mary, with your trumpeters in Hell;  
Michael, and say,  
“ But these have found the world, who laid  
the world away.”

And Mary Mother, to whom this much was  
given,  
dream like the rest, and, like the rest, out-  
dreaming  
this dream of life, remember these in heaven,  
and in that world where there's an end of  
seeming,  
for all these dead,  
Mary, be comfortable for the uncomforted.

## II. THE WINNERS

We won the world. We are the victors ! Yes,  
all that it has to offer, we shall use it—  
love, power, beauty, wisdom, holiness,  
we have the world, and having it must lose  
it,

for only thus  
can He, Who made us to conquer, with pity  
conquer us.

And Love is Lucifer and Azrael,  
Mary, who, having much, had this more  
given.

Michael and Mary Magdalene of Hell  
building with separate agonies the heaven,  
cool, fair and far,  
that rises steadily in a single star,

seen from the abyss of life, where fear and hate  
through loss, and suffering, and faith reclaim  
the love their failure proves, and consecrate  
the tossing veils of vision with the same  
beauty that died,  
and rose again, when the world's heart was  
crucified.

The same that all must know, when the wings  
beating  
draw up the heart, that saw in a glass darkly  
into an alien star to the last meeting,  
when between wings the wingless heart sees  
starkly,  
in the disgrace  
of love that falls so short of Him, God face  
to face.

Love, that falls short, even the love creating  
the figment of His beauty in the soul,  
where beast and angel each on other waiting  
are, though divided, thus for ever whole,  
and each in each  
grope back to the jungle, and up to heaven  
reach.

As all who teach, building with human stuff  
as the builder with the earth, can never rest  
nor find the beauty they fashion is enough  
beside the one unfashionable best,  
whose golden strands  
escape their hands for ever, and are not made  
with hands.

They mould a Saviour, but they cannot save him,  
nor save themselves by his star-fated loss,  
and life does not forgive though they forgave  
him,  
manhood's surrender weeping on the Cross,  
    " Why did you waken me  
to light, if thus in dark you have forsaken  
me ? "

Nor even the Saints of victory claim more  
than to endure defeat without complaint,  
and the failure of the crowns they battled for,  
and not the crowns they gathered, seal the  
saint,  
    for the heart knows  
that the secret of sainthood is complex as the  
rose,

plotted in long conspiracy of pain,  
moulded with the moon, and with the sun's  
gold hands,  
whispered by snow, and hinted at by rain,  
guessed in wild forests in forgotten lands,  
    in leaves, like a devil,  
and flowers like angry flames that predicated  
evil,



until a poet by some half-fabled city,  
under the moon on turrets fairy-pale,  
saw, with the anguish of love that melts to  
pity  
for all perfection that is born to fail,  
in darkness climb  
the first consummate rose from beauty into  
time.

And sainthood is as old as the rose and as rich  
with history of anguish, and the thorn  
of Time bewildering the hush, in which  
the flow of eternity is born,  
and the dark advances  
where you are burning, Joan, and where you  
pray, St. Francis.

And yet, dear Saints, if all things mortal must  
be dull with earth, and with the darkness  
faint,  
mortality is canonized with dust,  
and the dark it suffers anoints the heart a  
saint,  
and man's desire  
failing in heaven is fire that speaks to fire.

Thus lovers, Builder, teacher, and the Saint,  
the uncommon man and woman, glory gain  
to find their little victories grow faint,  
and all their battles to be fought again,  
and never can  
do more than prove for the common woman  
and man,

that woman, who bears, has a higher fate than  
bearing,  
woman, that gives, outlasts both giving and  
taking,  
woman, that loves, outloves the need of  
caring,  
and woman, that fails, is of her failure making  
the only guess  
of our brief hearts at sempiternal loveliness,

that these are the losers of the world, and they  
have it,  
they are the lost archangels, and they rise,  
they have cheated the faith they had, and  
God forgave it,  
are blind and see in His forgiving eyes,  
and, having died,  
of life eternal are the bridegroom and the bride.

## C O D A

Thus lovers, Builder, teacher, and the Saint,  
the uncommon man and woman, glory gain  
to find their little victories grow faint,  
and all their battles to be fought again,  
and never can  
do more than prove for the common woman  
and man,

that woman, who bears, has a higher fate than  
bearing,  
woman, that gives, outlasts both giving and  
taking,  
woman, that loves, outloves the need of  
caring,  
and woman, that fails, is of her failure making  
the only guess  
of our brief hearts at sempiternal loveliness,

that these are the losers of the world, and they  
have it,  
they are the lost archangels, and they rise,  
they have cheated the faith they had, and  
God forgave it,  
are blind and see in His forgiving eyes,  
and, having died,  
of life eternal are the bridegroom and the bride.

## *C O D A*

## THE HIGH SONG

THE high song is over. Silent is the lute  
now.

They are crowned for ever and discrowned  
now.

Whether they triumphed or suffered they are  
mute now,  
or at the most they are only a sound now.

The high song is over. There is none to com-  
plain now.

No heart for healing, and none to break now.  
They have gone, and they will not come again  
now.

They are sleeping at last, and they will not  
wake now.

The high song is over. And we shall not  
mourn now.

There was a thing to say, and it is said  
now.

It is as though all these had been unborn  
now,  
it is as though the world itself were dead now.

The high song is over. Even the echoes fail  
now;  
winners and losers—they are only a theme  
now,  
their victory and defeat a half-forgotten tale  
now;  
and even the angels are only a dream now.

There is no need for blame, no cause for praise  
now.  
Nothing to hide, to change or to discover.  
They were men and women. They have gone  
their ways now,  
as men and women must. The high song is  
over.

# BENN'S ESSEX LIBRARY

*Edited by Edward G. Hawke, M.A. (Oxon.)*

*Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, gilt back, 3s. 6d. each net*

EVELYN INNES *by* GEORGE MOORE.

CLIMBS ON ALPINE PEAKS *by* HIS HOLINESS POPE  
PIUS XI.

THE ROVER *by* JOSEPH CONRAD.

BLOOD AND SAND *by* VICENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ.

FUNDAMENTAL THOUGHTS IN ECONOMICS *by*  
GUSTAV CASSEL.

THE RAIDERS *by* S. R. CROCKETT.

RHYMES OF A ROLLING STONE *by* ROBERT W. SERVICE.

EVE'S RANSOM *by* GEORGE GISSING.

THE DRAMA OF THE LAW *by* SIR EDWARD PARRY.

AN OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS *by* JOSEPH CONRAD.

MR. TEDDY *by* E. F. BENSON.

THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE AND THE COUNTESS  
CATHLEEN *by* W. B. YEATS.

SISTER TERESA *by* GEORGE MOORE.

SONGS OF A SOURDOUGH *by* ROBERT W. SERVICE.

TRISTAN IN BRITTANY *translated by* DOROTHY L.  
SAYERS, M.A.

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM *by* OLIVE SCHREINER.

THE RHYMES OF A RED-CROSS MAN *by* ROBERT W.  
SERVICE.

JOAN AND PETER *by* H. G. WELLS.

DEAD SOULS *by* NIKOLAI V. GOGOL.



# THE ESSEX EDITION

OF THE WORKS OF

## H. G. WELLS

(Uniform with BENN'S ESSEX LIBRARY)

- THE HISTORY OF MR. POLLY.  
KIPPS.  
THE NEW MACHIAVELLI.  
THE INVISIBLE MAN.  
THE FOOD OF THE GODS.  
THE STOLEN BACILLUS AND OTHER INCIDENTS  
TONO BUNGAY.  
THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON.  
LOVE AND MR. LEWISHAM.  
THE SLEEPER AWAKES.  
TWELVE STORIES AND A DREAM.  
IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET.  
THE WAR OF THE WORLDS.  
THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU.  
THE PLATTNER STORY AND OTHERS.  
THE TIME MACHINE AND OTHER STORIES.  
TALES OF SPACE AND TIME.  
ANN VERONICA.  
MARRIAGE.  
THE PASSIONATE FRIENDS.  
THE SEA LADY.  
BEALBY.  
THE WORLD SET FREE.  
THE RESEARCH MAGNIFICENT.

BENN'S ESSEX LIBRARY—*continued.*

LAUGHING ANN *by* A. P. HERBERT.

THE MAN WHO WAS AFRAID *by* MAXIM GORKY.

THE STICKIT MINISTER *by* S. R. CROCKETT.

THE ARROW OF GOLD *by* JOSEPH CONRAD.

DREAMS *by* OLIVE SCHREINER.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE DEAD *by* STEPHEN  
GRAHAM.

THE UNCLASSSED *by* GEORGE GISSING.

SHE-SHANTIES *by* A. P. HERBERT.

GEORGE IV *by* SHANE LESLIE.

UNCANNY TALES *by* F. MARION CRAWFORD.

THE BLUE LAGOON *by* H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

THE COMING OF THE FRIARS *by* AUGUSTUS JESSOPP,  
D.D.

LOVERS AND FRIENDS *by* E. F. BENSON.

MY CROWDED SOLITUDE *by* JACK McLAREN.

ALMAYER'S FOLLY *by* JOSEPH CONRAD.

ATOMS AND RAYS *by* SIR OLIVER LODGE.

BALLADS OF A CHEECHAKO *by* ROBERT W. SERVICE.

OLIVER CROMWELL *by* HILAIRE BELLOC.

PROTESTANTISM *by* THE REV. W. R. INGE, D.D.

SHAKESPEARE *by* G. B. HARRISON.

THE ENGLISH NOVEL *by* J. B. PRIESTLEY.

MADAME CLAIRE *by* SUSAN ERTZ.

REQUIEM *by* HUMBERT WOLFE.

THESE MEN, THY FRIENDS *by* EDWARD THOMPSON.

# "WONDERFUL VALUE"



## SHORT STORIES OF H. G. WELLS

Sixty-three Tales. Complete in one volume of 1,150 pp.  
Cr. 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

## GREAT FRENCH SHORT STORIES

Demy 8vo, 1,068 pp., cloth, 8s. 6d. net.

## GREAT GERMAN SHORT STORIES

Demy 8vo, 1,072 pp., cloth, 8s. 6d. net.

## GREAT RUSSIAN SHORT STORIES

Demy 8vo, 1,024 pp., cloth, 8s. 6d. net.

## GREAT ITALIAN SHORT STORIES

Demy 8vo, 924 pp., cloth, 8s. 6d. net.

## A QUARTETTE OF COMEDIES

*Kipps, Bealby, Love and Mr. Lewisham and The History of Mr. Polly*, by H. G. Wells. Crown 8vo, 1,088 pp., cloth, 7s. 6d. net, leather, 12s. 6d. net.

## THE FIRST AND LAST OF CONRAD

*Almayer's Folly, The Rover, An Outcast of the Islands and The Arrow of Gold*, by Joseph Conrad. Crown 8vo, 1,024 pp., cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

## THE COLLECTED VERSE OF ROBERT SERVICE

Demy 8vo, 816 pp., cloth, 8s. 6d. net., leather, 12s. 6d. net.